

New Fashions;

OR, A

Puff at the Guinea Pigs.

To which are added,

Bonny *LIZIE BAILIE,*

AND

The cold WINTER NIGHT.



Entered according to Order.



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New Fashions or, a puff at the Guinea Pigs.

Tune—Bow, wow, wow.

GOOD people all attend to me,
I'll sing a merry tale, fir,
About the various novelties
and titles that prevail, fir,
For now both lords and ladies too,
who wear their hair and wigs, fir,
If they do throw flour on their heads,
are called Guinea Pigs, fir.
Squeak, squeak, squeak, pretty Guinea Pigs, fir,
Squeak, squeak, squeak.

Then for the rest whose hungry maws
a guinea can't afford, fir,
They are, by pride and folly's laws,
called Swine, upon my word, fir.
And if, to save appearances,
they clip their hair away, fir,
Why then we call them simple crops
and laugh at them all day, fir.
Ha, ha, ha! a pretty herd of swine, fir,
Grunt, grunt, grunt.

'Twas yesterday I saw a beau
come tripping thro' a square, fir,
Two pounds of powder on his scone,
to hide his want of hair, fir.
He met a taylor on the road,
a little dapper dog, fir,
And push'd him from him with disdain,
crying—Demme you're a hog, fir!
Hog, hog, hog, a little dirty hog, fir,
Hog, hog, hog.

The taylor bristl'd up his locks,
 and snapt his sheers in fury,
 Saying—Tho' your tail is now so long
 I warrant these shall cure ye,
 To call a man like me a hog—
 a very pretty rig, fir,
 You fancy snub-nos'd puppy-dog,
 nay, curse me! you're a Pig, fir,
 Pig, pig, pig, a stupid long-tail'd pig, fir,
 Pig, pig, pig.

The taylor flourishing his sheers,
 then seiz'd his tail so neatly,
 That in a trice he whipt it off,
 he dock'd him most compleatly,
 The beau stood trembling by his side,
 while stitch-louse full of gig, fir
 Cry'd—Smoke a beau who's lost his tail,
 a stump-tail'd Guinea Pig, fir
 Crop, crop, crop, a pig without a tail, fir
 Crop, crop, crop.

Then we have coats without the skirts,
 call'd Spencers by the mob, fir,
 And hats with brims twelve inches round,
 to fit each kiddy's nob, fir,
 Besides our ladies in their caps
 have feathers niddy noddy, fir,
 And round their necks they wear cravats,
 and gowns without a body, fir.
 Oh, oh, oh, the ladies have no bodies,
 No, no, no.

Likewise our females on their heads
 place turbans like a Turk, fir,
 And golden chains hang down their breast
 of ornamental work, fir,

Those beauties they contrive to shew,
 which poor men soon bewitches,
 Indeed I'm told it for a fact,
 they ten wear the breeches!
 Lack, lack, lack, women wear the breeches!
 Lack, lack, lack.

Now prosper well my neighbours all,
 and let the fashion pass fir,
 May ev'ry one have health and strength,
 both Pig and Swinish lass, fir,
 then let us always merry be,
 or hot or cold the weather,
 and may we ever well agree
 like loving Pigs together.

Bow, wow, wow. Fal de idde, tidde idde,
 Bow, wow, wow.

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BONNY LIZIE BAILIE.

I fell upon the Lamasside,
 when the leaves were fresh and green,
 Lizzie Bailie's to Gartartan gone,
 to see her sister Jean.

She had not been long in Gartartan,
 even but a little while,
 all luck and fortune happen'd to her,
 and she went to the life.

And when she went into the life,
 she met with Duncan Graham;
 bravely as he courted her,
 and he convoy'd her hame.

Bonny Lizzie Bailie,
 I'll row thee in my plaidie,
 thou wilt go along with me,
 and be my Highland Lady.

If I should go along with you,
 they'd think I were not wise,
 For I can neither milk cow nor ewe,
 nor yet can I speak Earle.

Hold thy tongue bonny Lizzie Bailie,
 and hold thy tongue, said he,
 For any thing that thou dost lack,
 my dear I will teach thee.

She would not have a Lowland Laird,
 that wears the high heel'd shoes;
 But she would marry Duncan Graham,
 for Duncan he wears trews.

She would not have a gentleman,
 a farmer in Kilsyth,
 But she would have a Highlandman
 that lives into Monteith.

She would not have the Lowlandman,
 nor yet the English Laddie,
 But she would have the Highlandman
 to row her in his plaidie.

He took her by the milk-white hand,
 and he convoy'd her hame,
 And still she thought both night and day,
 on bonny Duncan Graham.

O my bonny Duncan Graham,
 why should you me miscarry,
 For if you have a love for me,
 we'll meet at Castle-Cary.

As I came in by Denny-bridge,
 and by the Holland-bush,
 My mother took from me my clothes,
 my rings, ay, and my purse.

Hold your tongue my mother dear,
 for that I do not care;
 For I will go with Duncan Graham,
 though I should ne'er get mair.

For first when I met Duncan Graham,
 I met with meikle joy,
 And mony a pretty Highlandman
 was there at my convoy.

And now she is gone through the mair,
 and he is through the glen:
 O my bonny Lizzie Bailie,
 when will we meet again?

Shame light on these logar-heads,
 that lives in Castle-Cary,
 That let away the bonny Lass,
 the Highlandman to marry.

O bonny Lizzie stay at home,
 thy mother cannot want thee,
 For any thing that thou dost want,
 my dear, I'll surely grant thee.

I would not give my Duncan Graham
 for all my father's land,
 Although he had three lairdships mair,
 and all at my command.

Now she's cast aff her fillen gown,
 that she wore in the Lowlands,
 And she's up to the Highland hills,
 to wear the gowns of tartans.

And she's cast aff her high heel'd shoes,
 was made of oiled leather;
 And she's up to the Highland hills,
 to gang amang the heather.

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And she's cast aff her high heel'd shoes,
 put on a pair of laigh ones,
 And she's away with Duncan Graham,
 to gang amang the brechans :

Hold your tongue my mother dear,
 with your folly let me be ;
 Should I not fancy Duncan Graham,
 'fore all the men I see.

Who is it that has done this turn ?
 or who hath done this deed ?

A minister it's, father, she says,
 lives at the Red Burn-bridge.

A minister, daughter, he says,
 a minister for mister.

O hold your tongue my father dear,
 he marry'd first my sister.

So fare you well my daughter dear,
 so dearly as I love thee ;

Since thou wilt go with Duncan Graham,
 thou'lt get no gear from me.

O fare you well my father dear,
 also my sister Betty :

O fare you well my mother dear,
 I leave you all completely.

THE COLD WINTER NIGHT.

O Now the cold Winter comes on,
 and fortune runs hard by my side,
 For to work at my trade, I've got none,
 and the best of my friends I have try'd.

But he that is a friend to himself,
 will provide for a cold winter day,
 It will help in time of his need,
 when his friends they will frown him away.



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When work and money comes in,
then I'm as brisk as a bee,
And while I've got sixpence to spend,
O my friends they will all visit me.

But if I've not a sixpence to spend,
and a sixpence I go for to borrow,
I'll be sure to come back as I went,
'tis very well known to my sorrow.

And if I to the ale-house do go,
and spend what I've toil'd for so long,
If I ask them to trust but one penny,
they straightway will bid me begone.

And if I run on with old scores,
and get no more money to spend,
They'll be sure to clap bums to my back,
for man without money has no friend.

My breeches are ragged and torn,
and my stockings hang over my shoes,
My pockets no money will hold,
for in truth I've got none for to lose.

My shirt is as black as a coal,
for want of an industrious wife,
And if you can help me good fellows,
I'll mind you all the days of my life.

I love for to tamble and toff,
in due time when I go to bed,
Had I but an industrious wife,
I surely would something provide.

And if she were as willing as I,
to provide for a cold winter day,
It would help us in time of our need,
when friends would frown us away.

F I N I S.